

509
Hartmann 1/23/64
on hand

SONGS

FOR

PRESNTATION DAY,

JUNE 15, 1853.

COMMITTEE,

GEO. WM. BALDWIN,
ALBERT F. HEARD,

HENRY C. ROBINSON.

SHERMAN W. KNEAVS,
JAMES McCORMICK,

W. R. WEBB, Musical Director.

PRESENTATION DAY SONGS.

Gaudeamus.

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post iucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Ab eas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Veni mors velociter,
Rapi nos atrociter,
Nemini parceret.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quolibet,
Vivant membra qualibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ;
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

Quis cluxns hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquò convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit.
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones,
Sparsos, congregavit.

Song.

TUNE—"Commence ye Darkies all."

We've come to take a parting smoke,
We merry sons of Yale,
Once more beneath the green old trees,
Before we say farewell.
We've come to talk of days behind,
And think of days before,
When Prof's shall never fizzle us,
And tutors never bore.
Then shout ye Seniors all,
We're through Biennial!
Then shout, then shout, then shout, ye Seniors all.
The freshmen all are standing round,
A verdant sight to see,
Like urchins round the elephant,
In some menagerie.

The sophomores are cramming up
For their Biennial,
And would-be-Seniors on their bows,
Are taking lessons all.
Then shout, &c.

But we no more shall tread these walks,
Nor ever after now,
Luxuriate on Chapel seats,
At half past five, I trow;
But ranging o'er this luckless orb,
Wherever we may be,
Our memories still will cling around
The class of fifty-three.
Then shout, &c.

Song.

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

AIR—"Sparkling and bright."

Gather ye smiles from the ocean isles,
Warm hearts from river and fountain,
A playful clime from the palm tree clime,
From the land of rock and mountain;
And roll the song in waves along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And grand and hale are the elms of Yale,
Like fathers, bending o'er us.

Summon our band from the prairie land,
From the granite hills, dark frowning.
From the lakelet blue, and the black bayou,
From the snows our pine peaks crowning;
And pour the song in joy along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And grand and hale are the towers of Yale,
Like giants, watching o'er us.

Count not the tears of the long gone years,
With their moments of pain and sorrow,
But laugh in the light of their memories bright,
And treasure them all for the morrow.

Then roll the song in waves along,

While the hours are bright before us,
And high and hale are the spires of Yale,
Like guardians towering o'er us.

Dream of the days when the rainbow rays
Of Hope on our hearts fell lightly,

And each fair hour some cheerful flower
In our pathway blossomed brightly;

And pour the song in joy along,

Ere the moments fly before us,
While portly and hale the sires of Yale
Are kindly gazing o'er us.

Linger again in memory's glen,
'Mid the tendrilled vines of feeling,

Till a voice or a sigh floats softly by,

Once more to the glad heart stealing;

And roll the song in waves along,

For the hours are bright before us,
And in cottage and vale are the brides of Yale,
Like angels, watching o'er us.

Clasp ye the hand 'neath the arches grand

That with garlands span our greeting,

With a silent prayer that an hour as fair

May smile on each after-meeting;

And long may the song, the joyous song,

Roll on in the hours before us,

And grand and hale may the elms of Yale

For many a year beud o'er us.

Song. TUNE—"While the raging seas," &c.

First into Latin went our gallant class,

First into Latin went we;

Out of Latin came our gallant class,

And forever from Lat'n we are free, free, free.

Aud forever from Latin we are free, free, free.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's how they bored,

And the Chapel bell did ring;

But we're through with the Biennial Examination,

And do nothing but smoke and sing, sing, sing;

And do nothing but smoke and sing.

Second into Greek went our gallant class,

Second into Greek went we;

Out of Greek came our gallant class,

Never more a Greek book may we see, see, &c.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's, &c.

Into Philosophy went our gallant class,

Third into Philosophy;

Out of Philosophy came our gallant class,

Would it were at the bottom of the sea, &c.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's, &c.

Fourth into History went our gallant class,

And Political Economy;

Out of History came our gallant class,

And a very tired class were we, &c.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's, &c.

Into Astronomy went our gallant class,

Into the stars went we;

Out of Astronomy came our gallant class,

And we wished they would let the stars be, &c.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's, &c.

Into Demosthenes went our gallant class,

And Rhetoric and Paley;

Out of Demosthenes came our gallant class,

And we said, what an orator was he! &c.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's, &c.

In for the last time went our gallant class,

Geology and Chemistry;

Out for the last time came our gallant class,

And we came right mirthfully, &c.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's, &c.

Seven times in went our gallant class,

Seven times in went we:

Seven times out came our gallant class,

And each won with toil his degree, &c.

Chorus. And the tutors and prof's, &c.

Song. AIR—"Lilly Dale."

'Tis the parting hour; and the friendly hand

Is grasped in a long farewell;

And we bid adieu to the happy days

Of four years home at Yale.

Chorus. Oh! Yale, kind Yale, dear old Yale,

Now the elms proudly wave o'er the classic home

Of our long-loved mother, Yale.

Our barks on the sea of College life,

Now end their pleasant sail;

And a saddened look is on each face,

As we leave old, honored Yale.

Chorus. Oh! Yale, &c.

We go to the strife and toil of life,

And ere we quit this vale,

We tell you that hither our thoughts will roam,

To our Alma Mater, Yale.

Chorus. Oh! Yale, &c.

As we tread these halls in years to come,

When the brow is sad and pale,

We will cherish still the love we feel,

For the friend of our youth, old Yale.

Farewell, farewell, farewell, dear Yale;

May pleasure bless with her warm caress,

The future sons of Yale.

Song.

MODULUS—"Where, oh where are the Hebrew Children?"

Ubi sunt Biennales chartae?

Bis.

Omnès a nobis prostratæ,

Ubi est meus parvus equus?

Bis.

(Fieri non potest quin)

Qui de me est bene meritus,

Ter.

Professoribus pabulo erunt,

(Per quem stabat quoniamus—)

Non alia re dignæ sunt.

Oinne actum est cum equo,

Ex equo sic pugnavi.

Ubi sunt hi professores?
Quibus modo coenam dedimus,
(Qui nihil praetermisserunt quin—)
Laborant stomacho, sed nihil interest,
Si sheepskin valet, bene est.

Ubi classes inferiores?
Invidentes hic a tergo,
Macti, pueri, virtute!
Non cujusvis est æquare,
Classem quinquaginta tres.

Bis.

Ter.

Bis.

Ter.

Song. AIR—“Oh! I am a merry sailor lad.”

Oh! we are happy sons of Yale,
With hearts both light and free,
We love her honored classic name,
But more one good A. B.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

We love, we love, we love Old Honored Yale,
We love, &c.

But now we're through, hurrah! hurrah!
To smoke we're seated here;
Oh! let it be the pipe of peace,
And keep our mem'ries dear—
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Four fleeting years these elms have waved
O'er many a happy heart;
Like lov'd companions, they are dear,
But now, old Elms, we part!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Ubi sunt Seniores ante nos?
Hand scio an terra marique
Ubique dispersi sint.

Idem sunt qui semper fuerunt;
Excivitate pulsi sunt.

Ubi est Gulielmus Wickham?
Cui Seculare Carmen cantat,
Vernes habent corpus id.

Alios centum annos abhinc,
Vernes devorarint nos.

Bis.

Ter.

Bis.

Ter.

Bright eyes have often o'er us beamed,
And beauty's radiant smile;
In dreams those eyes will yet be near,
And many a care beguile.
Hurrah! &c.

We love, we love those stars that o'er us shine,
We love, we love those eyes that are divine!

Tbough we may wander far away,
In foreign lands may roam;
Our hearts will travel back again
To this, our four year's home.
Farewell! farewell! farewell!

We love, &c.

Song. AIR—“Cocachelunk.”

When we first came on this campus
Freshmen we, as green as grass;
Euclid, Livy, and old Homer,
Freshman year is gone and past.

Chorus. Cocachelunkhelunkhelalaly,
Cocachelunkhelunkchela,
Cocachelunkhelunkhelalaly,
Hi! O chickachelunkchela.

Then as Sophomores behold us;
Euclid in his coffin dead;
Bien, Exam, is celebrated;
Sophomore year is past and fled.

Chorus. Cocachelunk, &c.

Junior year beams bright left . . .
Junior year is gone and past,
Seniors make the time fly quickly,
We're Alumnuses at last.

Chorus. Cocachelunk, &c.

We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side;
Broken is the bond that beld us—
We must cut our sticks and slide.

Chorus. Cocachelunk, &c.

Some will go to Greece or Hartford,
Some to Norwich' or to Rome;
Some to Greenland's icy mountains—
More perhaps will stay at home.

Chorus. Cocachelunk, &c.

When we come again together,
Vigintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included—
Won't we be a numerous class?

Chorus. Cocachelunk, &c.

Ring the bell to-morrow morning,
We in bed are sleeping fast;
Morning prayers proudly scorning—
We're Alumnuses at last.

Chorus. Cocachelunk, &c.

Song. AIR—“Benny Havens O.”

We're gathered now, my classmates, to join our parting song,
To pluck from memory's wreath the buds which there so sweetly throng;
To gaze on life's broad ruffled sea, to which we quickly go,
But ere we start, we'll drink the health of Alma Mater O—
Oh! Alma Mater O, Alma Mater O,

But ere we start, we'll drink the health of Alma Mater O.
No more for us yest'neful bell shall ring for morning prayers,
No more to long Biennial we'll mount you attic stairs;
Our recitations all are passed—Alumnuses, you know,
We'll swell the praises long and loud of Alma Mater O,
Oh! Alma Mater O, &c.

We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
Now glittering in its sunbeams and dancing in their pride,

But bubble like, they'll break and burst and leave us sad, you know,
There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O—
Oh! Alma Mater O, &c.

Hither we came with hearts of joy, with joy we now will part,
And give to each the parting grasp which speaks a brother's heart,
Unit'd firm in pleasing words, which can no breaking know,
For fifty-three can ne'er forget its Alma Mater O—
Oh! Alma Mater O, &c.

Then brush the tear drop from your eye and happy will we be,
For joy alone should fill the hearts of merry fifty-three;
One cheerful chorus ringing loud, we'll give before we go,
The memory of fifty-three and Alma Mater O—
Oh! Alma Mater O, Alma Mater O,
Hurrah! hurrah! for fifty-three and ALMA MATER O.